

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. XV.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1895.

No. 17.

THE WOLFVILLE CLOTHING CO.

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NOBLE CRANDALL,

MANAGER.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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The ACADIAN'S JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to DAVISON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

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Rev. Kenneth C. Hind, Rector. Robert W. Peters, J. Wadens, S. J. Butherford.

St. Francis (R.O.)--Rev. Mr. Kennedy, F. P. Mass 11:00 A.M. the fourth Sunday of each month.

Temperance.

St. George's Lodge, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:15 o'clock.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of the M. E. Church every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

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POETRY.

Old Year, Farewell.

One fleeting year! Ah, me! Low swift!

The heavy clouds of memory lift.

And gleaming through their leaden haze

The changes of past hours and days

Peer out, like pictures, rich in tint,

Sombre, or bright with sunny tint;

Brief visions of past joys and woes--

They call me up at the old year's close--

Call me once more to turn and dwell

On days gone by. The sad farewell

Comes slowly from my aching heart

And silently the tear-drops start.

A picture here of merry times

When life rang out its golden chimes,

When friends and welcome, home and power,

Filled with delight each passing hour.

Succeeding this in swift array

The dawn of sorrow's fearful day

Breaks through the golden shade, and lo!

A vision of distress and woe.

The home forsaken, friends untrue,

Old treasures swept from longing view,

Parted the hearts that loved so well,

While anguish tells each solemn knell.

Joy and distress, delight and pain,

Come surging o'er my heart again;

Back through the moments bright and drear

I live again the vanished year.

One fleeting year--and yet I dread

To name the grief--to count the dead!

Oh, joy alone my thoughts would dwell!

The joys are past--Old Year, farewell!

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER IV.--Continued.

"I am afraid you will think I am a very foolish old lady, Miss Grahame," she said, "but it is only when I am talking of my son that I give way, and I do not often speak of him. I hope you are quite comfortable in your rooms. They are near Arol's as he has no doubt shown you. I was coming to ask you, when I saw you here. We are going to have a few friends to dine tonight; will you join us, or would you rather have dinner served in your own rooms? You shall do just as you please. It is not a dinner party, just a few friends; Lord Elliot, our nearest neighbor, and the rector and his wife."

"I should like to come down, Lady Brakespear," said Constance, simply. "Very well, my dear. We dine at eight. You will hear the bell, Arol. I suppose, must come in to desert?"

"Of course, grandma; Lord Elliot's coming," assented his little lordship, "let's go into the garden, Miss Grahame."

"Yes; but don't tire Miss Grahame out the first day," said the marchioness as she left the room.

They went along the stately terrace into the garden, and Lord Lancrook showed Constance his own particular flower bed--which was the only one in which nothing seemed to thrive; and he was taking her on to the stables to see his pony, when the nurse appeared and carried him off.

Constance went back to the house with them, and looked over her stender wardrobe for something suitable for the occasion. She had not thought that she would be asked to join in any of the dinner parties of the castle, and had no evening dress. There was nothing but a plain black silk, but she put some lace at the throat and sleeves, and was content. She was not the kind of girl to endure agonies of shame or envy because she lacked a fifty-guinea costume of Worth.

After a while the dinner bell rang out sonorously, and with the last peal Lord Lancrook appeared at the door.

"I thought I'd show you the way down; you might feel shy, being the first time," he explained, naively.

He was magnificently dressed in purple satin, with broad old Houston collar and cuffs, and looked as if he had stepped out of one of the frames in the picture gallery.

"You look so grand that I scarcely dare kiss you in case I should spoil you,"

said Constance.

"I'll risk that, Miss Grahame," he said, putting up his face. "Of course I've got my best things on because Lord Elliot's coming, you know. He gave me this watch--see," he added, stopping on the stairs and looking out at a tiny one. "It's a very good timekeeper. I wound it up once, I did indeed, and--ah!" he broke off with a cry of delight, "here he is!" and he drew his hand from her's and sprang from the stairs into the arms of a gentleman who had just entered the hall.

The gentleman caught him deftly, and with the ease of an athlete swung him up on his broad shoulder, then looked up at Constance with a laugh, which died away as he saw that she was strange to him.

Constance, even if she had not heard so good an account of him from Arol, would have been impressed by Lord Elliot's face, and if not by his face, most certainly by his laugh, and she stood and smiled faintly.

"I beg your pardon," he said, stroking his thick yellow mustache. "Arol, these are pretty manners, to desert a lady in this unceremonious way. What do you mean by it? On your knees and beg pardon immediately. On shall I do it for you, for I am afraid all your bad manners were learned from me."

"It's Miss Grahame the new governess," cried Lord Lancrook from his perch. "She won't mind, she's not a bit like Miss Brownjohn."

"No, she's not," muttered Lord Elliot under his breath, and he inclined his head, as well as he could under the circumstances, to Constance.

"Forgive us, Miss Grahame. Arol spoils me; in fact, we spoil each other."

They went into the drawing room, Arol still on Lord Elliot's shoulder, and Constance, walking beside them, had time to observe the halcyon proportions of the boys' great friend.

Lord Elliot was an excellent type of the present day country gentleman, who is as far removed from his forefathers as the modern thoroughbred is from the old staghorn charger. There was something particularly taking in the frank and many-faceted face of his good-natured smile; so fair and exonerating against Arol's long brown locks Lord Elliot's hair looked almost yellow.

"Oh, Arol!" exclaimed the marchioness, as the three entered. "My dear Ernest, why do you let him plague you so?"

Lord Elliot laughed as he shook hands.

"Oh, all right," he said. "I'll take my revenge some day. Wait till I'm an old man, and then I'll make him carry me. I expect my hair's in a pious state," and with his pleasant laugh he went up to greet the rector and wife.

"This is Miss Grahame, Ernest," said Lady Brakespear, when he came back to her.

"We've been introduced already," he said, turning to Constance. "I think master Arol is particularly fortunate."

He added, his eyes following Constance as she moved away. "What a beautiful girl!" and his voice sank to an almost inaudible whisper.

"Yes, is she not?" assented the marchioness; "and she is so sweet. I know she is good and kind, though he has only been in the house for a few hours. I--" she smiled a little piteous smile. "You'll think me foolishly susceptible, Ernest, but she has won my heart already."

"By George!" he said with a flush that became him remarkably well, "I'm just about as foolish myself!"

"Dinner is served, my lady,"

"Where is Ruth, I wonder?" cried the marchioness. At this moment Lord Arol ran in with his hand behind his back, and making straight for Lord Elliot, whispered:

"Here you are! I'm sorry I roughed it; be quick, no one will notice if you turn your back!" and with due mystery he presented a tiny hair-brush.

Lord Elliot burst into a laugh.

"What, brush my hair before company--Oh, Arol!"

"Well, I'll do it for you!" he said, "Miss Grahame, hold me up, please."

"Arol, Arol, remonstrated the marchioness, but with the usual loving smile. "Ernest, it is your own fault; why do you let him take such liberties?"

"Oh, it's brotherly kindness; he knows how a man feels when his hair's all awry. Will you lift him up, Miss Grahame? I'm afraid we shall have to let him work his wicked will; besides its only fair to my valet."

Constance, with a blush that became her as well as Lord Elliot's did him, lifted Arol up to the required height, and the boy, with perfect gravity, proceeded to tangle tresses and make matters worse. Constance could not repress a smile, and the performance was in full swing when Lady Ruth entered.

She stopped short, and as her sharp eyes took in the picture, at which the rest were laughing with genuine enjoyment, her face flushed angrily.

"Arol!" she said, advancing. "Lord Elliot, do you like being made ridiculous?" and she directed a stare of haughty surprise at Constance, who instantly put Arol down.

Lord Elliot looked rather disconcerted, but only for a moment.

"It's all right, Lady Ruth," he said. "It's all my fault--it always is."

"I don't think you were to blame on this occasion. Arol ought to be in his proper place--the nursery," but she looked at Constance instead of his lordship.

Fortunately, the long-suffering butler announced dinner again, and Lord Elliot, as highest in rank, went for the rector's wife, and led the way. Constance and the marchioness brought up the rear, and Constance found herself next the rector, but opposite Lord Elliot.

The worthy clergyman was of the age at which one's dinner is of the first importance, and it was not until he had discussed the soup and fish and had chosen his entree that he found time to ask Constance if she had seen the new wing of the church which the marchioness had just built.

Constance answered rather at random, for she had been engrossed by the splendor of the room and its appointments; the masses of plate upon the table, the rich glass and exquisite flowers, the noises and machinelike movements of the servants, the general air of wealth and luxury, and that peculiar refinement and grace of the whole affair which were so strange to her. Once more her thoughts had wandered back to the rough hut and the plain fare of the Australian wilds and it almost seemed wicked to be sitting there with such surroundings without having done something to deserve the wonderful change of circumstances.

"Ah, yes, you only arrived to-day," said the rector. "True I had forgotten. And you came from--?"

"Ah, travel, travel; the one thing I long to do," said Lord Elliot, bending forward. "I must persuade you into telling me all about it, Miss Grahame."

Constance flushed slightly as she thought of the last scene that had occurred in the hut.

He saw the flush and her momentary embarrassment, and went on quickly:--

"I've always meant going in for travelling, but I'm too lazy, I'm afraid. I quite envy you."

Constance remained silent, and he turned to Lady Ruth; but it seemed as if he could not detach his attention from the beautiful face opposite him; and once Constance, looking up, caught his eyes fixed upon her with a marked attention, which, though he diverted it instantly, she fully felt.

It was not a particularly elaborate menu, but the dinner seemed interminable to Constance, though the beauty of the room and the air of luxury surrounding her were exerting their natural glamour over her. The only break in the enchantment was the sharp, incisive voice of Lady Ruth, which seemed to break in with metallic precision every time Lord Elliot bent forward to speak to her, Constance, and he did so frequently.

Constance found herself waiting for the sound of the sharp, clear voice with a kind of impatience; and now, though she tried hard to fight it down, that vague anticipation to the owner of the voice was rising within her.

Suddenly, as the sweets were being passed round, and in a moment of comparative silence, a bell rang loudly.

The marchioness started, and looked round a little nervously.

"What can that be?" she said in a low voice.

"It was the hall bell," replied Lady Ruth, promptly, and without putting down her spoon. "Whom do you expect?"

"Expect? no one, my dear," said the marchioness.

Lady Ruth shrugged her shoulders coolly.

"Whoever it is, it is late for dinner," she said, indifferently; and she turned to make some remark to Lord Elliot.

A minute or two elapsed, and Constance had forgotten the sudden loud ringing of the bell, when the door opened and Lord Lancrook came in.

He stood looking round in a half-hesitating manner, and Lady Ruth said, sharply:

"You are before your time, Arol. The dessert is not in yet."

"Never mind," murmured the marchioness apologetically. "Let him come in," and with a smile she beckoned to him.

"Yes," said Lord Elliot. "Come, and try this jelly, Arol," and he signed to a footman to place a chair next to his own.

But Arol shook his head with an unusual gravity, and going up to Constance, drew her head down to his, and whispered:--

"Come out into the hall, Miss Grahame, I want you."

"What is the matter, Arol? You should not whisper. It is rude and vulgar. Go round to Lord Elliot when he calls you."

Constance, the mark of all eyes, colored, then turned pale.

"What has happened? Some one wants me, Lord Lancrook? You must be mistaken."

"No, I'm not," he said. "You'd better come or it will be too late."

Constance rose. She did not know what choice to do.

Lord Lancrook wishes me to go into the hall with him, Lady Brakespear, she said.

"Oh, it's some trick or nonsense," exclaimed Lady Ruth. "Tell him to go and take his seat, Miss Grahame, please."

"Let him go, dear," pleaded the marchioness. "Arol, do not be naughty--"

"I won't grandma," he responded, his eyes threatening tears; "but she must come!"

Constance thought it best to go and prevent any further fuss, and she allowed him to lead her into the hall.

"Well, what is it, Arol?" she said.

"I'm afraid you are getting us both into bad disgrace."

"I can't help it," he retorted, rather piteously. "It isn't my fault. He told me to fetch some one, and I preferred you to Aunt Rue."

"He--who?" she asked.

"I don't know. Come in here."

He opened the door of the library as he spoke, and Constance saw the tall figure of a man standing in the centre of the room.

He wore a long fur traveling coat, and his hat stood on the table beside him.

He turned as she entered, and came forward to meet her, and as he did so Constance stopped and uttered an exclamation.

The portrait in the picture gallery of Lord Wolfgang flashed before her mind, and she knew that the man who stood before her was the long-lost Marquis of Brakespear.

His face for a moment seemed to reflect her startled look as he fixed his eyes upon her--the dark eyes of the portrait; then he bowed.

"Do not be frightened," he said. "I told Arol to bring some one to me, some friend of my mother."

His tone was meant to reassure her, but it had the contrary effect, for at the first words he uttered, a thrill of confused emotion ran through her, and she seemed to remember the voice. And yet that must be impossible. She had recognized him by his portrait, but portraits do not speak.

"I have frightened you, I see," he said. "Will you sit down and wait a moment?"

He put a chair for her, and he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Arol, do you know who I am?" he asked.

The child looked up at him in silence for a moment; then, as if encouraged by something in his face he held out his hand.

"I think you are Uncle Wolfe," he said.

"You are right, I am," replied the marquis.

Constance bent weak.

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